Shivery Times on Mars.

THE planet Mars is now at the point in its orbit called aphelion, where it reaches its greatest distance from the sun, about 154,000,000 miles, and gets only about one-third as much heat as the earth does.

Magazine Page

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of Washington's farewell address to the army, in 1783. The great patriot, having won for himself an immortal name as a general and leader of men, retired to his Mt. Vernon estate.

Arthur Stringer's Studio Romance THE WINE OF LIFE Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

The Story of an Ambitious Young Sculptor Who Goes to New York Hoping to Win His Way to Fortune in That City

By Arthur Stringer,
Well-Known Novelist and Author of Countrywide Reputation.

"HELLO, Storrow," Hardy said as he sauntered in. Then to the former's surprise he had just as unceremoniously said "Hello, Torrie," and came to a stop, slightly bewildered by the sustained silence of the circle he had invaded. It was not until he turned about that he saw the face of the girl nearer the door.

"It's Miss Kirkner, of course," he said with his quiet and easy smile. And the next moment they were shaking hands. "You remember how badly I skated last winter at Tuxedo."

"It is nice to see you again," acknowledged the girl, her color slowly mounting as she moved ever so slightly toward the still open door. "But Owen's busy and I must be off."

Hardy reinspected the trio, vainly waiting for some word to resolve the situation into translucence.

"In that case we'd better all be off," he announced. "So I'll take you down to that opulent sedan of yours on my way.

He was able to wave his cane lightheartedly as he went. Their voices, high with coerced hilarity as they descended the stairs, floated bro kenly back through the dusty halway. Storrow crossed the room and closed the door.

"Who is that woman?" demanded Torrie Throssel as Storrow stood with his back to the closed door, staring at her.

"What difference does it make?" he said with rather a reckless laugh.

Owen Storrow's early training had been the direct anthithosis of that bohemianism which clings about the skirts of the metropolitan colony. He found it more and more expedient, accordingly to keep reminding himself that New York was not like the rest of the world as he had known it.

It was a riddle which only time and study could decipher. Tangled up with its moments of exaltation were unexpected aspects of degradation, just as anarchronistic uglinesses still cropped up in the midst of its material beauties.

It was a world by itself, apparently, disorderly, kaleidoscopic, contradictory. But behind its muddle of broken hues and its fortuity of frontal design, Storrow contended, it necessarily harbored some unifying spirit of aspiration. It was the duty of the newcomer, therefore, to stand silent, to suspend judgment, to look deeper and await the final gift of understanding.

Yet the matter of Browning Tell and his costume ball proved a good deal of a perplexity to the newcomer in question. Storrow had been told that it would be one of the best things of the year, equal to anything he would get in Paris, as good as the Quart' Arts ball of ninety-two, about which the older men still spoke with wistful wags of the head.

There would be famous people there, famous artists, famous beauties, authors, actresses, models, society idlers, and, in all probability, some fancy dress apparel that would be frankly shocking. Torrie Throssal, he found, had been at such things, and had no intention of going to this one. From the first, in fact, she spoke contemptuously of Tell and his "stunts," as she called them. He was an imposter and a climber, she claimed, one of the dance-mad Pans of those pre-bellum dance-mad days who depended more on his feet than his hands in the matter of capturing fashionable sitters.

And he was a trickster even in his work, claimed his detractor, since he was in the habit of placing these sitters behind a framed network of interwoven picture-cord squares and drawing in their figures on canvases carefully blocked out with the same number of squares, which is one way of beating the pantograph, she protested, when you happen to be overbusy taking money away from foolish millionaires.

Chester Hardy, on the other hand, added to Storrow's perplexity by taking a view directly opposite to Torrie's. He insisted that the younger man should be a spectator of that bal costume. And if reason more substantial than the mere quest of amusement induced Hardy to take this stand he at least kept them to himself. He even refused to accept Storrow's revived excuses about being hard at work laying out his North Woods novel. Nor did the claim that it was already too late to have a costume made prove as serviceable as it was intended.

Captain Kidd.

Hardy, in fact, gave the Canadian a card to the wife of a tubercular artist who, in that heydey of the dancing mania, considerably augmented the family income by maintaining and renting out a fantastic wardrobe of apparel fashioned for just such ends.

So Storrow finally selected a Captain Kidd costume, not because the sash and wig and loose-topped Wellington boots appealed to him, but because the clothing in question happened to fit his somewhat brawny frame.

It was almost midnight when Hardy and his companion made their way to Washington Square in a taxicab. Along the shabbiest side of that Square Storrow beheld a line of landaulets and sedans and limousines which impressed him even more than a heterogeneous and singing band which was arriving on foot from Greenwich Village. Storrow lost Hardy in the crowd on the narrow stairway strung with Chinese lanterns which smelt of fur and scented talcum and perspiration. Already, over the crowding heads of Columbines and Mandarins and Marie Antoinettes and Indian Chiefs and Geisha Girls and Jack Tars and Arabs in flowing burnouses, sounded the strains of an orchestra pounding out rag-time music.

"Pipe the Howard Pyle poster!" cried an artist-girl in velveteens to her Cave-Man companion with a leopard-skin draped over his shoulder, as she laughed openly into Storrow's slightly abashed eyes.

THE STORY SO FAR.

Owen Storrow, a young sculptor, coming to New York to perfect himself in his art, takes a room in a third-rate hotel. He sees Torrie Throssel, a strikingly lovely girl, on a fire-escape drying her hair. Below, the engineer of the hotel engages in a brutal battle with his wife. Torrie cries out in protest, and the engineer calls her a name that sends Storrow scurrying down to a combat royal. After conquering the enemy, the girl plays the good Samaritan to Storrow and falls in love with him. He goes to the luxurious home of his step-aunt, who has offered him a studio there. He meets Charlotte Kirkner, his cousin, whom he saves from drowning, and who tells him she loves him. Storrow leaves his aunt's home, takes a studio in New York and finds himself next door to Torrie, who informs him she has followed him. She has taken a part in a new play. Storrow finds himself thinking more and more of her. She brings Modrynski, a famous sculptor, to see his work. He sneers at it, and Storrow decides to follow the advice of Hardy, a novelist friend, and write of North Country life instead of trying to represent it by means of sculptured forms. He attends a costume ball with Hardy.

"I Followed You," Replied Torrie, Quite Simply

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg

A Stirring Narrative of the Influence of Love on the Lives of a Girl and a Man.

"Get on to the Otto Cushing guy!" proclaimed still another girl as she laughed back at Storrow from the upper stairway. And Storrow began to feel that his costume was a foolish one.

At the stair-head he found a short and somewhat rotund man in pink "fleshings" and a pale blond wig, with a gilded Cupid's bow on his arm, riotously receiving his equally riotous guests, most of whom accosted him as "Brownie."

And the still solemn-eyed Canadian found it hard to believe that this undignified figure was the Browning Tell who could claim at least three canvases in the Metropolitan and could behold his name week by week on the art pages of the Sunday papers. But Storrow found himself elbowed and shouldered on into a jungle of palm and evergreen and more Chinese lanterns, where on a large but crowded floor the dancing was already taking place.

The "Grabeteria."

Beyond this again was another room duly labelled the "Grabeteria," where ices were served by three somewhat startling young decolletes, and sandwiches and bouillon jelly were laid out on an improvised buffet beside three huge barrels of beer mounted on wooden horses.

In the center of the room was a punch bowl as big as a wash tub, about which the thirsty dancers were already crowding in noisy and ever shifting rows as high-colored as the rings of Saturn. Already, too, the air was blue with cigarette smoke, and heavy with the odor of the liquid from the dripping barrel spigots, of the spilled punch, of floor-dust mingling with axillary exhalations. But never for a moment did the din and music stop.

On the floor above where a hurdy-gurdy had been hoisted through a front window, Storrow found the dancing to be even more energetic and the spirit of good-fellowship even more elastic. In the little man-made bowers along one wall were murmuring couples, unashamed of both their silences and their caresses.

On an open corner of the floor a padded policeman was giving an exhibition of the Matiche with a dimpled little convict in stripes who held a papier-mache ball-and-chain in her hand as she danced. When the music stopped there was a tidal wave toward the beer and the punch bowl, a stream of color and movement, of tinsel and metal and feather and rice-powdered flesh so vari-colored that it tended to make the eye ache. Then the hurdy-gurdy struck up above the orchestra on the floor below, the ebb-tide became a flood-tide, and this time the interpolated attraction was a Palette Dance given by two lean and swarthy models from "The Village."

These acrobatic and lightly-garbed ladies were attended by two naked negro boys with clout cloths about their loins and Indian warbonnets on their heads, each carrying a spear improvised from a curtain pole. The palette dance was followed by a dance of the seven pails, which proved even more popular than its predecessor, but impressed Storrow as being over-lewd in its grotesqueries, prompting him to drift on to other fields.

As he moved away a satin slipper, apparently tossed through the air from nowhere struck the abashed Captain Kidd on the shoulder. He heard muffled laughter from a darkened arbor and a white hand was thrust through the greening leafage to take possession of his cape. But he eluded those appropriating fingers and drifted downstairs again, where he found himself more ill-at-ease than ever.

"Hello, Apollo, why aren't you dancing?" demanded a half-clad nymph in a cheesecloth tunic spangled with silver, interrupting Storrow in the midst of his morose wandering about.

"I don't know how," acknowledged Storrow, arrested by the high and silvery-sweet tones of her excited young voice.

"But there's no reason you can't learn," declared the girl, capturing him by the edge of his costume. He concluded from that airy and almost sexless immediacy of address, that she was an artist's model.

"In one night?" he asked.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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The Crowded Flat

By Loretto C. Lynch

UNLESS one is wealthy or lives in a part of the country where homes are spacious, there is always the problem of increasing the sleeping accommodations in the small home. With rents still high, the average family must use practically every room for a sleeping room. And many letters come to me asking for suggestions.

"We have a five-room apartment, and things were going very nicely until my brother lost his wife and asked if he could come to live with us, bringing his three children. Of course, he is paying his share of the expenses, but as he is away much of the time, he wants his children under the eye of his only two sisters.

"We have two bedrooms, and so we must use the living room for sleeping now. But our problem is this—how can we increase the sleeping accommodations in our home so that our younger sister may still have a room which is not visibly a bedroom, in which to entertain her callers? Please do not suggest a folding couch or davenport, as the room is not large enough for this."

A folding crib could be placed in one bedroom, to accommodate the youngest child, while the older sister sleeps in the bed. The other two children might be placed in the other bed. And the sister, who, perhaps stays up later than the rest entertaining callers, might plan to use the living room for her bedroom.

Since you do not wish to have one of the folding davenports, by all means think about a folding table bed. This would give the room not the least semblance of a bedroom. These table beds are not as well-known by the public in general as they deserve to be. Folded, they appear to be a nice library table without the least suggestion of a bed about them. Unfolded, they provide all the comforts of a real bed.

They come in both single and double size. If the space is small, I suggest buying a single bed size table. The price varies according to the size and the wood and finish. But, at any rate, they have the virtue of giving no appearance whatever of a bed and thus one may have a living room that may at a moment's notice be converted into a sleeping room.

Where space permits, one might consider the day bed, so popular at the present time.

The folding couch or the box couch, in which one may store winter garments, unused articles, laundry and the like, are all worthy of consideration where space permits. A folding couch purchased second-hand by a hall-room girl was converted into a thing of beauty by the addition of a cover of monk's cloth in a rather dark shade of tan. Three pillows of the same material were brightened by the addition of a cross-stitch design in bright yellow, green, blue, orange and black.

USE SLOAN'S TO WARD OFF PAIN

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Out Today

Harper's Bazar

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

THE open season's with us now, and so: Beware! Oh, placid cow, your life's in daily danger, for now so many men are out with deadly firearms all about; you'd better seek the manger. It's wise to make your get-away from fields where festive hunters stray while all your legs are working, and in some calm, secure retreat you'd better sit around and eat while on their antics smirking. Too many hunters think a gun is but a plaything made for fun; that theory is exploded, but still they'll shoot their dearest friends and grieve at his untimely end! they never know it's loaded!. It's open season for the quail, and well may he grow thin and pale at thoughts of whizzing bullets, which soon may end his brief career and send him hasting from this sphere along with pigs and pullets. For fellows rove about at will, quite guiltless of intent to kill, whose shooting is a menace; too bad they can't be satisfied with rolling golf balls far and wide, with checkers, chess, or tennis! It's well to make your will today while folks who maim pursue their way devoid of rhyme or reason; this is the saddest time of year when hunters everywhere appear—the awful open season!

Household Hints

Ever tried baked marrow for a change? Having greased a baking tin well, place in the marrow slices cut fairly thick, pour over a little fat and bake with the meat until done.

A little apple sliced up in a salad makes a great improvement in the flavor. If the apple is apt to be a trifle sour use a little less vinegar or lemon than usual in your dressing.

Do you know there are two methods of frying—deep and shallow? For the former a strong, deep pan is needed, holding enough fat to cover entirely the food that is to be fried. This is used for fish, rissoles, etc. For shallow frying an ordinary frying pan is used, with very little fat—just enough to prevent the food from sticking. Such things as sausages, pancakes, eggs, etc., are fried like this.

A soup which is heating and comforting for anyone suffering from cold is made by slicing one or two onions finely, simmering them in a little water for twenty minutes and adding salt and pepper to taste, and a few bread crumbs before serving.

A Lucky Umbrella

HOW IT PROVED A STEP TO A NEW FORTUNE

By Garrett P. Serviss.
Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

PARIS.—The burning of the huge "department store" known to all Parisians as the "Printemps," has brought out an old anecdote possessing much philosophical interest for students of the cause of human success. It appears that the same establishment was restroyed by fire forty years ago. Its proprietor at that time was a Monsieur Jalusot, who would seem to have possessed other qualities besides great ability in the buying and selling of goods—as successful merchants usually do.

The fire that destroyed Mons. Jalusot's big store burned three days and was sensational in its incidents so that everybody was talking about it. When it had burned itself out, Mons. Jalusot was financially ruined. After the cinders had been raked over for any possible valuable that might remain intact, the unfortunate proprietor took his umbrella, the only property remaining to him except the clothes on his back, and went to the office of the commissaire of police. Presenting himself before the officer, he held out his umbrella and said:

"Voila, Monsieur le Commissaire, tout ce qui me reste. C'est ma seule fortune * * * Je n'ai pas autre chose."

(Behold, Mr. Commissioner, all that remains to me. It is my sole fortune. I have not another thing.)

This does not seem, in itself, a very remarkable statement, but it gained force from the remarkable personality behind it, for Mons. Jalusot's tone and manner were so effective that the commissioner could not keep the incident to himself, but immediately told it to the newspapers as well as to his friends and in a day the story was all over Paris, and curiously enough it was taken up by writers for the variety stage and told in couplets that were repeated in the theaters, while the street bards sang everywhere a popular ballad about the "Le parapluie de Mons. Jalusot" (The umbrella of Mr. Jalusot).

So great a fire from so small a spark seems all the more surprising when we learn that this incident was believed to be the means of remaking Mons. Jalusot's fortune. It concentrated attention and sympathy and confidence upon him as a more direct and more ordinary appeal would have failed to do, and the great business rose again out of its ashes.

It is morally certain that Mons. Jalusot, if he did not foresee the full effect of his maneuver, at least had the possibility of it in his mind, and therein lies the moral of this story. What he did was to arouse the imagination of the public. The indirectness and unexpectedness of the step that he took, and a slight dramatic element in it sure to touch the delicate sense that the Parisians have for such things, were the principal sources of success.

The very littleness of the means employed was an advantage as long as the spark was so deftly applied that it could not fail to take. The completeness of his ruin was also an essential element in the play.

All that his reason told him was that, in some manner which would be effective because uncommon, he must reach the sympathetic interest of the public, without exhibiting any sign of weakness. He must make people help him without asking them to do so. To beg for aid would be fatal; yet his real situation must be frankly made known, and the aid must come of its own accord.

He must become the hero of a story, and then everybody would crowd to him. The contrast between the lone umbrella and the gigantic fortune was threatrical in itself. All Paris was talking about the great fire and what it had swallowed up and to tell all Paris through the commissioner of police that the only thing left was an unbrella, and that the owner of the umbrella had nerve enough to reveal the completeness of his ruin, was an act which, done with the touch of genius, would open a road to recovery.

When Mons. Jalusot reopened his store, not a person who had heard the story of the umbrella would fail to visit it. Luck had nothing to do with it. Luck is negative in quality and never puts two things together to make a third. It was the umbrella and Mons. Jalusot's quick wit and the sensitiveness of French human nature to a fine, striking, but not overdone "gesture" that changed disaster into new triumphs.

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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

Trying to Be Polite.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I visited in a small town this summer, and met a boy whom I liked very much. He really seemed to be very fond of me. He told me to write to him when I came home.

I have written to him twice, but have received no reply. He is a very nice boy, and I would like to correspond with him. I don't think that I should write to him again. Shall I try to forget him or not?

LA RUE FLEUR.
(DOLLIE.)

OF course, forget him. He probably was just trying to be polite. Don't write to him again.

Yes, Send It.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have known a girl a little over a month, but in that short time I have learned to care for her dearly. I wouldn't dare embrace or kiss her (tho' I'm tempted to) as I think it would be very impolite and unmanly.

Now, how could I best bring to her a knowledge of my liking for her. Would it be proper to send her a box of candy with a little note expressing my admiration for her?

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

BY all means send the candy and the note. A most appropriate beginning.

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YOU will be convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery does just what it is meant to do—soothes cough-raw throats, congestion-tormented chests, loosens the phlegm pack and breaks the obstinate cold and grippe attack, relieves the congestion in the head. No harmful drugs, therefore good for children as well as grownups.

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PROMPT! WON'T GRIPE
Dr. King's Pills

Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk

WE was studdying in Fizzology about the hart & lungs & livver & our teecher asked eech one of us to find out what sum part was for & she asked me What is the livver for, so I asked Pa wen I caim hoam from skool.

Pa, I sed, what for is the livver?

"Well, Bobbie, sed Pa, thare is a differns of opinyun on the subjeck of the livver. Sum main-tane that it is the seat of the human emoshuns, sed Pa.

What is a Clinick? I sed.

A Clinick is a gent which thinks thare aint anything good or noabel in the world, eeven me, hed Pa.

You meen a Cinnick, sed Ma. A Clinnick is a bunch of docktors having a guessing con-test, sed Ma.

I knowed it all the time, sed Pa, I was jest jesting, Pa sed.

How shall I keep my livver by living? I sed to Pa.

Well, sed Pa, with any kind of deecent treetment a livver will live a long time, sed Pa. But wen one eets too much or drinks too much or doesnt exercise, sed Pa, the livver beecums a flivver.

It does, I sed.

Yes, indeed, sed Pa. That reeminds me of a littel song I rote for a Dockter's Convenshun last Summes, sed Pa. It went like this:

A man onst stood beefoar
A famus docktor's door
Wen the sun was slowly sinking
In the West.
The docktor let him in
& with a sickly grin
That man did git this chorus off his chest:

Chorus:

"My livver is a flivver,
The seekret I can't keep,
All nite I shake & shivver,
All day I want to sleep,
I'll go jump in the river
& go away from here,
My livver is a flivver,
Pray help me, docktor deer!"

That is a very poetick song, sed Ma. It is so full of feeling, sed Ma.

That is the only kind of songs I rite, sed Pa. I shall rite that kind of songs, sed Pa, so long as my hart beets & my livver lives, sed Pa.

Don't guess your guests' breakfast desires. Be sure—serve

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